

DON JOHN QUIXOTE, PUMPMAN

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nervously. The bo's'n was leaning over the quarter rail. The pumpman was busy on a small job forward.

Everybody was too quiet. The passenger felt that trouble lay ahead, and decided to take his constitutional on the long gangway of the main deck. Some of the crew, he saw, were laying the hatches on one of the tanks aft. He paced forward. By the time he was aft again they were overhauling a large tarpaulin. He watched them while they stretched a tarpaulin over the hatch covers. The tanks of an empty oilship are usually left open in fine weather, and he wondered what they were about.

Presently he heard one of the men say to another as he stamped about on the tarpaulined hatch, "There—there's as good a prize ring as a man'd want." And then he understood.

He went forward after a time and stopped beside the pumpman, who was cutting a thread on a short section of deck piping. "Do you mind my watching how you do that trick?" he asked.

The pumpman looked up. "Surely not." After a moment he added, "Though there's nothing much worth watching to it."

Noyes noticed how deftly the tools were handled. Then he said, "So you and the big fellow are going to have it out?"

"Yes, during dinner just now we agreed to settle it."

"But he's a notorious bruiser—likely to kill you."

"Maybe; but I've trimmed bigger ones."

"Not bigger, if they could fight at all."

"Maybe they couldn't; but," from beneath the grease and soot of his face his teeth and eyes flashed swiftly upward, "they said they could."

Noyes took another turn of the long gangway. The tarpaulin was now clamped tight to the hatch combings, rendering it smooth and firm under foot. Campstools for the principals were also there, and two buckets of freshly drawn water in opposite corners.

"Kiernan," Noyes had halted again beside the pumpman, "what is it the Captain's got against you?"

"Why," he hesitated, "I don't think he's got anything against me exactly." His words came slowly, thoughtfully. "You see, he can never get a man of my kind to play his game, and he knows it. What he wants around here is a lot of poor slobs who will take the kicks and curses and poor grub, say 'Thank you, Sir,' and come again. Of course, I'm only a pumpman; but if the office ever got suspicious of the big bills for valving and piping and repairing, and called me in on it, why—" He shrugged his shoulders.

Noyes studied the sea for awhile. By and by he faced inboard. "Kiernan, I've seen ships before, even if I do get seasick sometimes. Was that an accident today, that block dropping on you—almost?"

"Accident?" The recurring smile flashed anew. "That's the third I've sidestepped in two days. I was in the bottom of a tank yesterday, when a little hammer weighing about ten pounds happened to fall in. In the old clipper ship days, Mr. Noyes, a great trick was to send a man out on the end of a yard and snap him overboard in a gale. On steamers, of course, there are no yards, and so little items like spanners and wrenches and three-sheaved blocks have a habit of falling from aloft. But that's all right." The pumpman, all the while he was talking, kept fitting his dies and cutting his threads. "I've got no kick coming. I came aboard this ship with my eyes open; and I'm keeping 'em open," he laughed softly, "so I won't be carried ashore with 'em closed."

In the office and from the bridge Noyes had noticed only the careless humor of the man. Now he saw that, while the trick of light speech had not left him, while the unconscious manner in speaking of serious things was still there, yet this was a serious, purposeful sort of person, who did not take himself overseriously; a more set man, physically as well as mentally, than he had thought. There was more beef to him than he would ever have guessed, and the face was less oval, the jaw more heavily hung.

Noyes threw away his cigar. "Kiernan, you're too good a man to be manhandled by that brute. And you wouldn't be the first man done to death on a ship at sea and nobody suffer for it. You say so and I'll stop it. I've got influence in the office, and I think I could present the matter to the Captain so that he will pull the bo's'n off."

"Thank you, Mr. Noyes; but you mustn't. I'd rather get beat to a pulp than crawl. All I ask is that nobody reaches over and taps me on the back of the skull with a four-pound hammer or some other useful

little article when I'm busy with him."

"And when is the fight coming off?"

"Soon's we go off watch—eight bells."

"Eight bells? Four o'clock." Noyes drew out his watch. "Why, it's nine minutes to that now!"

"So near? Then I'd better begin to knock off, if I'm going to wash off and be ready in time, hadn't I?" He finished his thread, gathered up his dies, and strolled away.

Noyes headed for the bridge. The Captain's glance, as he came up the ladder, was not at all encouraging; but Noyes was already weary of the Captain's glances.

"Captain, are you going to let it go on?" he asked, and not too deferentially.

"Let what go on?"

"That fight. They're going to have it out in a few minutes. Aft there—look!"

"I'm not looking. And I'll take care I don't—not in that direction. And what I don't see I can't stop, can I? Besides, I hope he beats that pumpman to a jelly."

"Why, what's wrong with him?"

"Wrong? He's dangerous; look at the mop of hair and the eyes of him! He's one of those trouble hunters, that chap! And if troubles don't turn up naturally, he'll go out and dig them up. He's like one of those kind I read about once—used to live a thousand years ago. All he needs is a horse seventeen hands high, and a washboiler on his chest, and a tin kettle on his head, and one of those long lances, and he'd go tilting about the country like that Don Quixote—"

"Don what?"

"Quixote—Quixote. That crazy Spaniard used to go butting up against windmills in that book of yours you leave around the cabin. A good name for him—Don John Quixote—running around buttin' into things he can't straighten out."

"He could do all that and yet be the best kind of man. And the bo's'n—why, before I ever heard the name of this ship I'd heard of her bo's'n. He's a notorious brute."

"He's the kind of a brute I want to have around. He will do what I order him."

"Did you order him to bring on this fight?"

"And if I did, what of it? Do I have to account to you for what I do on my ship? That pumpman is dangerous, I tell you! Why, just before we sailed, I was telephoning over to the office to find out how he happened to be shipped, and a clerk—"

"The second clerk, was it?"

"What does it matter who it was? He said to watch out for him too—that he was a chesty sort, who knows it all. Wherever the office got him, I don't know. And if you know anybody in the office with a pull, you ought to put it up to them, Mr. Noyes, when you go back. This pumpman, he's the kind recognizes no authority."

"Why, I thought he was very respectful toward your officers. And he seems to do his work on the jump too, Captain."

"He carries out orders, yes; but if he felt like it he'd tell me to go to blazes as quick as he'd tell the bo's'n. I can see it in his eye."

"Don't you think he only wants to be treated with respect?"

"Treated with respect! Who do you think you're talkin' to, the cook? I don't have to treat one of my crew with respect! I'm Captain of my own ship—do you hear? Captain of this ship, and I'll treat the crew as I blank please!"

"I guess you will too; but don't swear at me, Captain. I'm not one of your crew."

Noyes descended to the chartroom deck. "I wish," he breathed, "that that pumpman had never seen this ship! They'll kill him before the day's over."

To be concluded next Sunday

RECALLING FACES

IN a New York minister's home there is a five-year-old lassie with a memory for faces. On the Christmas tree of 1909 there were seven dolls for her, presented by various friends, where they remained for inspection during holiday week. Then the mother, having the look-ahead temperament, concluded that seven dolls, in addition to other toys, were too much of a good thing, and resolved to kidnap three of the family to put by for the next year.

As no inquiries were made, she believed the scheme had been carried through successfully; so last Christmas she carefully hung the year-old dolls on the new tree. Next morning, accompanied by a member of the family, the little girl was taken to view the tree. Fixing her eyes on the absentees and holding her dimpled chin with a chubby hand, after a period of deep thought, she remarked in a puzzled tone:

"Now, where in the dickens have I seen those faces before?"

Mouth Hygiene = Health + Beauty

There is more to "tooth-brushing" than just cleansing and polishing surfaces. The deep purpose of brushing one's teeth is to prevent decay and to keep a clean, healthy mouth—oral hygiene.

SANTOL TOOTH POWDER

Reternal vigilance is the price of good teeth. Keep your mouth and teeth clean and healthy by brushing at least twice a day with Santol Tooth Powder. As an extra precaution, let your dentist "go over" your teeth, say every six months. This is the way to prevent tooth troubles and to save dentist's bills in the long run.

Makes clean, white, healthy teeth.

is the whole science of tooth soundness and mouth cleanness put into a dentifrice. Assures tooth beauty—cleans and whitens.

It is antiseptic—destroys the germs of tooth decay. It is antacid—i. e. it neutralizes those mouth acids that attack the teeth and afford a living place for the germs.

Leaves a fresh taste, because it leaves a clean mouth.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

The Santol Chemical Laboratory Co.,

St. Louis, Mo.

A HERCULEAN KATYDID

Experiments conducted by a naturalist attached to one of the Government's scientific bureaus at Washington adduced an interesting example of the strength of the katydid. He harnessed a katydid to a kind of sled made by folding a piece of ordinary notepaper, and then loaded the sled with various articles. The insect proved able to draw, in addition to the original paper, twelve paper sheets each three by four and a half inches, a large screw, two steel pens, a stone weighing two ounces, and three and a half lead pencils.

When the weight became too heavy to draw otherwise, the katydid got its fore feet over the edge of the table for a better hold, and on the addition of another weight it increased the adhering power of its feet by moistening them in its mouth.

A MIND READING TRICK

By means of the table of letters given below, it is possible to do some clever mind reading, to the bewilderment of the person "read." Suppose, for instance, you do not know the given name of a person. Get him to inform you in which of the upright columns or column the first letter of his name appears. If it is found in only one column, it is the top letter; if it is found in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way, the whole name, or any word, can be ascertained.

For example, take the name Jane. J is found in the two Y Z columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters of the alphabet; their sum is 10, and the tenth letter of the alphabet is J, the one sought. The next letter, A, appears in only one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed with B, D, and H, the second, fourth, and eighth letters of the alphabet, and their numbers added give fourteen, or N, and so on. By memorizing the respective numbers of the letters of the alphabet, the trick can be worked very quickly, and will excite no little curiosity.

No Corns

in 48 Hours After You Use Blue-jay

A Blue-jay plaster stops the pain instantly. It removes the corn in 48 hours. It is applied in five seconds, and stays firmly in place. No pain, no soreness. You forget that it's on.

There is nothing else like it—nothing begins to compare with it. It outsells all others by fifty times over.

It is utterly needless to suffer from corns. The pain is ended instantly—the corn quickly removed—by a simple, harmless Blue-jay plaster. It now removes 5,000,000 corns a year.

Note the Picture

- A is the harmless red B & B wax that removes the corn.
- B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.
- C is the toe band, narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

15c and 25c per Package
Sample mailed free.
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.
Sold by all Druggists.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. (71)

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DUBY'S HAIR HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It will not stain the scalp. Is not sticky or dirty, and is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. Package makes one pint. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Package postpaid for 25 cents, or five packages for \$1.00. OZARK HERB CO., Deak G, ST. LOUIS, MO.